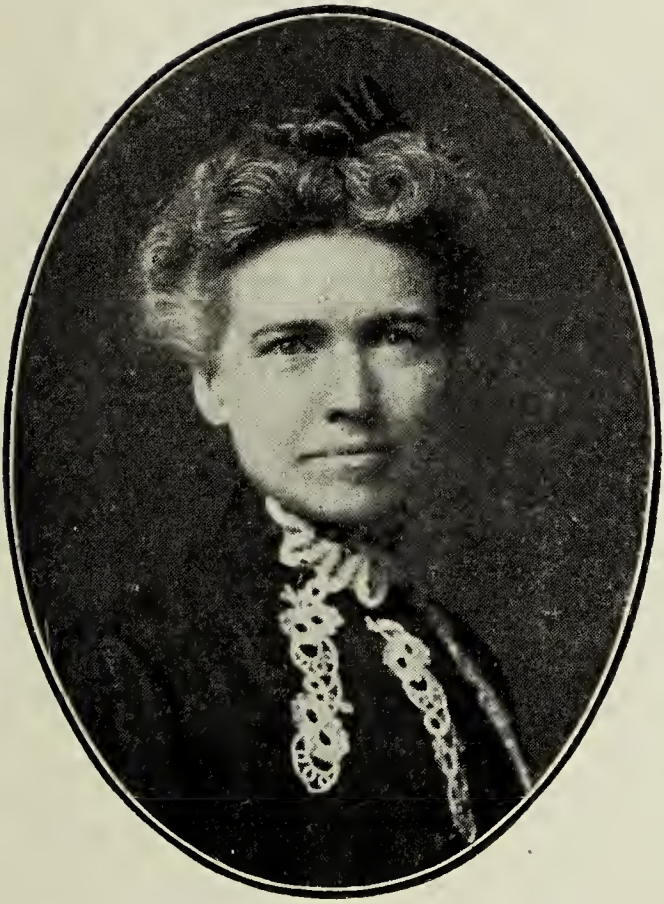

MRS. W. G. McCLURE.

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By Mrs. L. M. McAfee, Parkville, Mo.

We have but recently passed through our Indian Summer and glorious Autumn. The woods have been resplendent in their gorgeous coloring, as they varied from the bright greens through the whole series of colors, to the present somber grays and browns. From my viewpoint I have seen the eastern woods half in sun and half in shade, emblem of all life. I have watched the outline of the dense woods at the midnight hour, silhoutted against a lighter horizon, as the moon came modestly peeping at the grand panorama, and, at the hour of early dawn, I have noted the piles upon piles of stones, architecturally laid, promise of future usefulness. Or, again,, at noon time's hour have I seen these hills teeming with life, and the one thought that has come to me again and again was the thought expressed by the Psalmist when he said "Glorious things of thee are

spoken," and I, though stirred oftentimes to the very depth of my being by the grandeur of what I surveyed, know that I have small conception of the glorious things that are constantly being spoken. We know that our Master "moves in a mysterious way," and whether His power is seen in a natural landscape, a mighty storm, the growing of a plant or the development of a human soul, He is the inspiration.

As I think of those who have gone from these scenes, the question arises: "Watchman, what of the night," and there comes to my mental vision missionaries here and there, not only in our home land, but in the foreign field as well,—missionaries who have had their inspiration here while getting their college instruction. The one of most interest to Kansas City Presbyterial Society is Mrs. Jeannie Henderson McClure. Those of you who have never met Mrs. McClure may like to have me photograph her so as to receive a mental picture of her. Her figure was slender and graceful, her features were refined with a complexion of a type that usually goes with auburn hair, commonly called red. She had a pleasant voice and usually sang about her duties, but, by some

seeming unnatural freak of fate, she seemed seldom able to strike the major key. Oftentimes the most blithesome and beautiful carols were wafted upon the breeze in the minor, causing much merriment, despite its funereal intonation. Before she left America, however, she had quite overcome this defect of early training.

As to her mental qualifications, I shall also make some notations. Always of a cheerful disposition, we knew something very serious must have occurred when Jeannie was not her usual bright self. She was always willing to carry her share of the load—and a little more. She was trusted by every one who knew her, consequently was placed in positions of responsibility as a student in the home. Of a religious temperament, she was a leader in Christian organizations while in College.

When Miss Jeannie Henderson was born in Ireland, it was doubtful if any one dreamed that the little blue-eyed, auburn-haired miss would ever become a conspicuous personage. She is, however, most surely of the composition of which heroines are made, despite the fact that no bard may ever sing her praises in verse or silver-tongued orator tell of her noble

deeds to entranced audiences. A hero stands out from among his fellow men as one to be admired, honored, and, possibly, loved, and our missionary heroine lacks none of these qualifications.

Of herself, she says: "I was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1863. My father died when I was four years old and my mother came to the States in 1867, living in Louisville, Ky., ten years. Thence we moved to Kansas. I went to Park College, where I was graduated in '85, and sailed for Siam in '86. During the month of preparation before sailing, I took music lessons, which were of great use to me, and I was made organist as soon as I arrived. The leader gave me the number of the hymns the day before so that I could learn them for the services and I am still organist.

Mrs. McClure says further: "My first location was at Wang Lang, a school for girls in Bangkok. Later I was sent to Petchaburi with Mr. McClure, to whom I was married in '87. Mr. McClure had charge of the five churches in and about this city. As a pastor's wife, my time was occupied with visiting, receiving visitors and teaching. Later the girls' school fell to my lot. I also had charge of the boys'

school for five years. Our first furlough came in 1894; the second in 1902, at which time we left our four children at Fairfield, Iowa."

This last statement seems full of the proof of the fitness of our subject to be called a heroine. A mother's sacrifice! There was something heroic in leaving beautiful and progressive America for the foreign field and it requires heroism even today, but, it required far greater sacrifice a score or more years ago. Despite this, it took less heroism for our young woman to go then, than when she returned to Siam in 1903, leaving her four children at Fairfield, Iowa. When the Spartan mother sent her sons to battle, did it require more heroism, think you, than for this mother to put the ocean and many miles of land between her and her jewels? We are better able to imagine the necessary faith and grace than to express it in words. Neither will it be well for us to think of that home with the children all gone. May I add that, later, for two and a half years, a baby boy was sent to cheer her life.

At the annual Missionary meeting of 1906, held at Bangkok, it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. McClure should be transferred from Petchaburi, where they had

served so long, to Bangkok, where they were put in charge of the American Christian High School for boys. In speaking of this new work, Mrs. McClure says: "It seems that all the years in Siam have been a training for this school work and the years at dear old Park were what made all the rest possible!" She is kept very busy in looking after the details of this work, besides being in the class room from 8:30 a. m. till 4:00 p. m. This school seems to be quite up-to-date, having a literary society where programmes are in both English and Siamese. The poem for one meeting was on June, but since the Siamese name for June is ma-tu-na-yon, you can see grand possibilities in the poem. A study of the programme of the graduating exercises is not at all unlike an American one, even to its Field Day Sports. No school can be up to date that does not have a progressive teacher and surely Mrs. McClure has caught the spirit of the age, for she thinks it quite necessary to study up while on furlough that she may acquaint herself with the best methods of work. Perhaps some housekeepers might think this work in the school sufficient for the strength of one woman, but Mrs. McClure conducts a Woman's Pray-

er-meeting on Friday night. She also teaches a Sabbath school class on Sabbath mornings and conducts an afternoon Sabbath school some distance from her home and plays the organ for both Sabbath schools and church also for the daily chapel services. These are the principal duties of one missionary interspersed with many minor, tho' important ones, in the great work for our Master.

Mrs. McClure's life of self-sacrifice and devotion to the needy ones of Siam has its compensations in the joy of the service she renders her Master. One of the finest talks ever made by a missionary from the field had as its subject: "A Missionary's Compensation," and a missionary's compensations are sure. Last year a Carnegie medal was awarded for the heroism of a Park College student for a brave deed which lost his life in trying to save another. Mrs. McClure has also won a medal, though not made with hands. It is a crown that will outshine the famous Kohinoor and will be given her for a life of sacrifice and love for those who sit in heathen darkness.

Surely the work of this missionary cannot help giving us a broader conception of the vastness of the work we must do,

though the better we know the needs of the field, the more fully can we realize our responsibility for the work, and the more we see of her beautiful Christian spirit, the effectiveness of her labor, her whole-souled surrender of self, the more we can rejoice in the fact that we can claim as our representative, one who is so ably fitted to enlarge our vision and carry forth the standard of the Cross, as Mrs. McClure of the American Christian High School for Boys, at Bangkok, Siam.

Mrs. McClure writing of her first impressions of Siam says:

"As we steamed up the beautiful Menam, at sunset of that sultry June day, the western sky was dark with threatening clouds that cast a gloom upon my heart,—a gloom that deepened as the Paknam Prachadee (a Buddhist Shrine on an island in the river) came in sight just ahead. 'Oh, my God help me,' I prayed as the truth came to me with new force. What could I do to help break down this old system that had deceived the nations for hundreds of years?

Suddenly the clouds roll back and the sun shines out in a flood of glory. A rainbow spans the heavens like an arch and dissolves as the glory fades and the short

twilight deepens into night. The stars twinkle into place one by one revealing the southern Cross in clear cut outline.

My soul grew calm and pondered the vision. I saw in it a prophesy of my life work. Clouds? Yes, there will be dark threatening clouds but the bow of promise will be in the clouds. The sun of righteousness will dispel all darkness and doubt, as He arises with healing in His wings. Then the cross,—ah yes, the cross,—and 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'

My Vision.

Ahead, as if, from out the sea,
  Arose the Paknam Prachadee;—
So grand, so solemn in the light
  Of twilight fading into night.

"Behold! How beautiful," I cried;
  "What wondrous thing is this I've spied?"
"A shrine for Buddha," came reply.
  "For Buddha, Light of **Muang Tai.**"

A change came o'er my eager soul;
  A change—as o'er one billows roll;—
A change—but lo! The clouds break 'way
  And glory crowns the dying day.

  A rainbow spans the evening sky,
  "A Bow of Promise" there on high.
The clouds are lined with silver bright,
  And all the world's aglow with light.

It fades away and in its stead,
  The twinkling stars shine overhead.
Ah! There the Southern Cross, I see!
  I know the vision is for me!

"Lord, here am I, send me," I said
  And o'er the ocean's billows led,
My Guide, who pointed out the way,
  And brought me where his vineyard lay.

A low green shore with waving palm,
  A broad dark river, deep and calm;
A cloudy sky on that June day
  Obscured the sun's last golden ray.

Published by the
WOMAN'S PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST,
708 Odd Fellows' Building,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Price 3 cents per single Sketch.
Series of fourteen Sketches.